

Two Rockets, Two Warthogs

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Category: Halo

Genre: Humor

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2005-05-15 18:06:28

Updated: 2005-07-02 06:27:41

Packaged: 2016-04-27 00:51:17

Rating: T

Chapters: 2

Words: 1,199

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Some random player on some random map doing some random things because he's bored. Oh well, and here I thought it was interesting to find various ways to kill yourself on Halo.

1. Default Chapter

Disclaimer: I don't own Halo!

A/N: Okay, so my brother inspired another piece of insanity (the previous one being a stupid Stargate-SG1 fic that went nowhere.) He is Uber obsessed with Halo 2 and so I watch him play all the time and one day he made a few comments about what he was playing, he wasn't playing with anyone on his friends list, so he was all by himself at the timeâ€|and well, he said something (the idea is all in the story, so don't worryâ€|)!

Anyways, just enjoy the insanity as I bring you something senseless. If you know my brotherâ€|.wellâ€| on Halo 2 his alias is ****_AceSphinx_**** and he's actually a decent player.

Anyways, on with the senseless story!

****_Two Rockets, Two Warthogs_****

Some random playerâ€|possibly a higher level player with too much time on their hands was out one day in one of the fields in Halo 2. Being particularly bored, he shot off various weapons and killed himself in the many ways available to commit suicide. He didn't feel much like getting involved in a team game, matchmaking or anything else, he just wanted to play around with the weapons and maybe find some new strategies to use against newbies. He loved newbies, lived to kill them. His experience took him to top levels and he had many who were in his clan and many more who wanted to join. He kept the party to 'invite only' because if he felt like it, he could invite

some friends if he wanted to kick someone.

"Newbsâ€¦maybe later I'll kill some newbs," he said, his voice sounding static like through the mike. He smiled to himself, knowing all too well no one would see him. He walked around, picking up various weapons, the shotgun, both snipersâ€¦he fired them all off, tried to write names and draw pictures on the wall, stupid little things. Of course he liked them, he could really only do them alone.

A small sound went off and a name appeared in the bottom of his screen. _'Message from Mylifel01'_ He considered whether to respond to it or not, and then decided to take a look.

"Hey, come on and send me an invite! Let's do some team slayer! Maybe some Two v. Two, send me an invite!" He paused in his thought and then decided to respond. He pressed the buttons he needed to and began to record his message.

"Not just yet," he said into the mike and sent his message. He continued about the level and picked up more weapons, wasting ammo and killing himself in various fun suicidal ways. Then he decided to have some more fun. He picked up the rocket launcher and wasted two of the rockets. He blew up the banshee and ghosts and then went to the warthogs on the other side of the map.

"There are two rockets, and two warthogs," he said, "I think it'll take both rockets to get rid of them. This should be fun." He took aim and locked onto the warthogs.

"Let's see what happensâ€¦" he trailed and fired the first rocket. It soared through the air, fast and quick towards the warthog on the right.

_ KABOOM!_ Rocket exploded right in the first warthog and seemed to ricochet into the second, causing it to explode as well. He looked ahead, his eyes wide as he watched the screen. That justâ€¦it justâ€¦both just exploded! He backed away and ran.

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"That was just too scary," he said, "I still have one rocket left! What am I going to do?" _Why should he be scared? He should have known it would happen!_ He looked aroundâ€¦maybe he should kill himself again. How creative could he be? He went to the highest point he could by himself and switched from his frag grenades to his plasma grenades. He went up to the wall by the edge and tossed a plasma grenade, sticking himself. He then shot off his last rocket. The rocket killed him, and then the plasma grenade exploded and he was falling down, the endless abyss of the ground catching up to him.

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The man watching his character die smiled. He was good. He quit out of his open map and responded to a party invite. He felt like killing some newbs, team training here he comes!

2. Chapter 2

Disclaimer: I don't own Halo or Halo 2

A/N: Dude, if you just figured I decided to write a story about it, which I've known for such a long time, you're right.

1) I'm a female

2) I'm no newb

3) You really don't know what writing is about if you think I just figured out what a rocket can do to two warthogs.

****_Two Rockets, Two Warthogs_****

****Part Two: Newb Hunting techniques****

There was a player named Slayer666. He was an experienced player but loved team training more than anything in the world. And why did he love it so much? Because Newbs existed there, newbs that deserved to die.

"All right, round two coming on," he whispered as he entered his chosen match. He let out a shout of glee when he saw a team made up of one main player and three guests. He flexed his hands eagerly on the control, this was going to be fun.

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He paced back and forth between the top and the bottom of the hallway where the over shield would respawn. He held as his one weapon the rockets and in his other the sword. He had the sword out currently and was waiting for the over shield to respawn.

"Who is next on the newb is right?" he asked into his mike. "Come one come all! Newbs are welcome at the price of death!" It was incredibly cheesy but he enjoyed it. He saw a red dot on his radar and crouched, waiting for the perfect kill. A blue figure entered his sight and he slashed. "PERFECT!" He shouted it so loud he was sure he'd blow out his mike. He jumped for joy and returned to his scouting. This was Team Slayer Training tooâ€|he just made another kill for his team, who were doing quite well without him. He just wanted to kill some more newb. A red teammate ran by him and he watched them run up the ramp, battle rattle in hand as they went to the top, probably going for the sniper which another teammate had said they didn't want but were watching.

Slayer666 saw two red dots coming towards him so he switched to his rockets. He watched amusedly as two newbs came into his sights and started shooting at him. He shot the rockets towards the ground and killed them both. "DOUBLE KILL WOOT!" He looked at his screen; those two kills had ended the match. "Aw man, ended already?"

He looked over his stats, not too many kills but no deaths

whatsoever. He smiled and went back to his main screen. He was ready for another match.

END

FIN

End
file.